

'It is school time now,' said she. 'Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said.'

'I will not,' said I, with a loud tone of defiance.

'One of these two things you must do, Alfred; either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future.'

'I dare you to do it, 'you can't get me up stairs.'

'Alfred, choose now,' said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

'If you touch me I'll kick you,' said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

'Will you go, Alfred?'

'No,' I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

'Then follow me,' said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! She staggered back a few steps, and I saw her heart beat against her breast.

'O heavenly Father,' she cried, 'forgive him; for he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room,' said she. Looking back, as she was entering her room, such a look—it will forever follow me. It was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my room. I thought for a moment I could dash my brains out, but felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp air, and terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at the moment, for I trembled with fear; but my door was fast. With the daylight my fears were dissipated and I became bold in resisting all impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light foot approach the door; it was my sister, who called me by name.

'What may I tell mother from you?' she asked.

'Nothing,' I replied.

'O, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.'

'I won't be driven to school against my will,' said I.

'But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred,' said my sister, pleadingly.

'No, I won't,' said I, 'and you needn't say any more about it.'

'Oh, brother, you will kill her! You will kill her, and then you will never have a happy moment.'

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but still I resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps retreating and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched! how fearful I did not know.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

'Alfred, my son, shall I come? Are you sorry for what you have done?' she asked.

I cannot think what influence, operating at the moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled through me, melted the ice of that obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but did not. But the words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw; I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

'Get up, Alfred. O, don't wait a moment. Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying!'

I thought that I was dreaming, but I got up, melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with the palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her, my remorse was tenfold more bitter at the thought, she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my 'ain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. 'Mother, mother,' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hands pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifted her thin white hands, and clasped my own within and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart; heavier than grief at the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

My son, the suffering such memories wake must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority and her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

Temperance Associations.

The influence of Temperance Associations upon the cause itself, cannot be fully shown in the limits assigned to a newspaper article. The glance at only a few points will be all we shall attempt.

The history of this movement strongly verifies the observation that in associated action there is power. In